And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
By doing damned hate upon thy selfe?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth,
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose?
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which like an Usurer aboundst in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed,
Which should bedecke thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the valour of a man:
Thy deare love sworne, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish:
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misse-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-lesse souldiers flaske,
Is set on fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What? rowse thee 'man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou slewest *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happy.
A packe of blessings light upon thy backe,
Happinesse courts thee in her best array,
But like a misbehav'd and sullen wench
Thou poutst upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy love, as was decree'd,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince, and call thee backe,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy

Than thou wentst forth in lamentation.
Goe before Nurse, commend me to thy Lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavie sorrow makes them apt unto,
Romeo is comming.
Nur. O Lord, I could have staid here all the night,
To heare good counsell; oh what Learning is!
My Lord, Ile tell my Lady you will come.
Rom. Doe so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nur. Here sir, a ring she bids me give you sir,
Hie you, make haste, for it growes very late.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this.
Fri. Goe hence, good night, and here stands all your state,
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the breake of day disguis'd from hence:
Sojourne in *Mantua*, Ile finde out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewell, good night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a griefe so briefe to part with thee.
Farewell.

Exeunt.

Enter old Capulet, *his wife, and* Paris.

Cap. Things have falne out sir so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Looke you, she lov'd her Kinsman *Tibalt* dearely,
And so did I: well, we were borne to dye.
'Tis very late, shee'll not come downe to night.
I promise you but for your company
I would have beene a bed an houre agoe.
Paris. These times of woe afford no times to wooe:
Madam good night, commend me to your daughter.
La. I will, and know her mind early to morrow,
To night she is mewed up to her heavinesse.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a desperate tender
Of my childes love; I thinke she will be rul'd

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22326) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.58) Octavo